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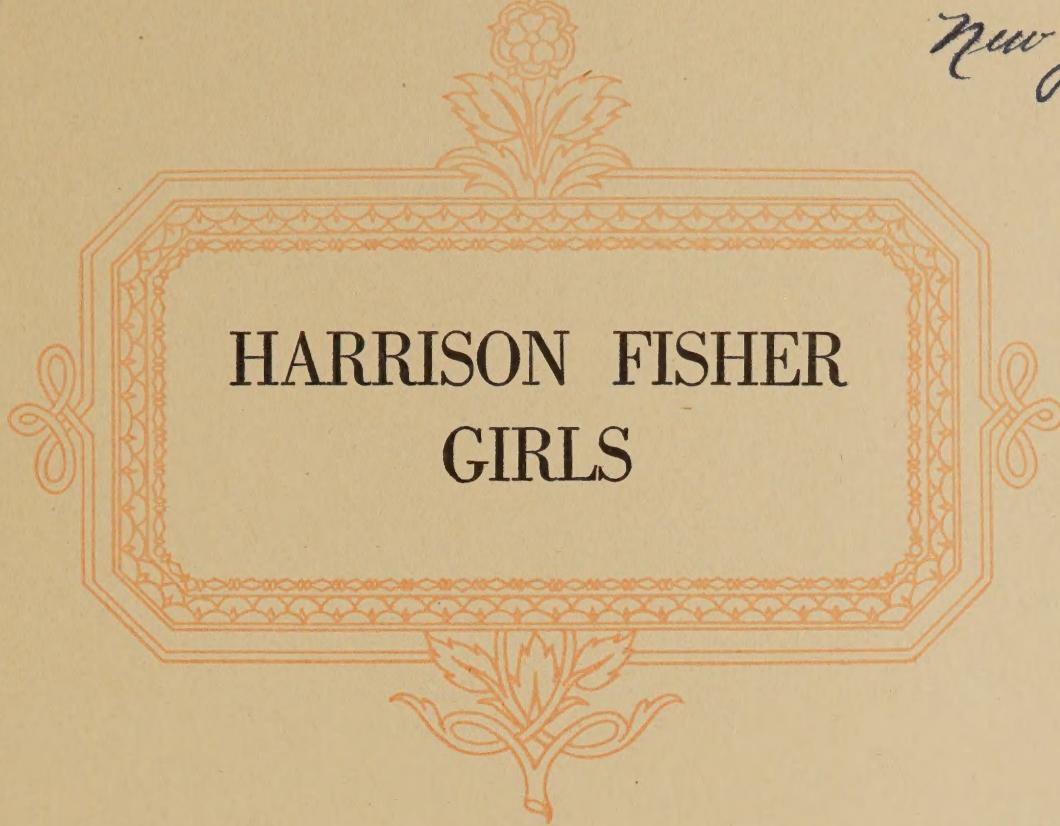
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**HARRISON FISHER
GIRLS**



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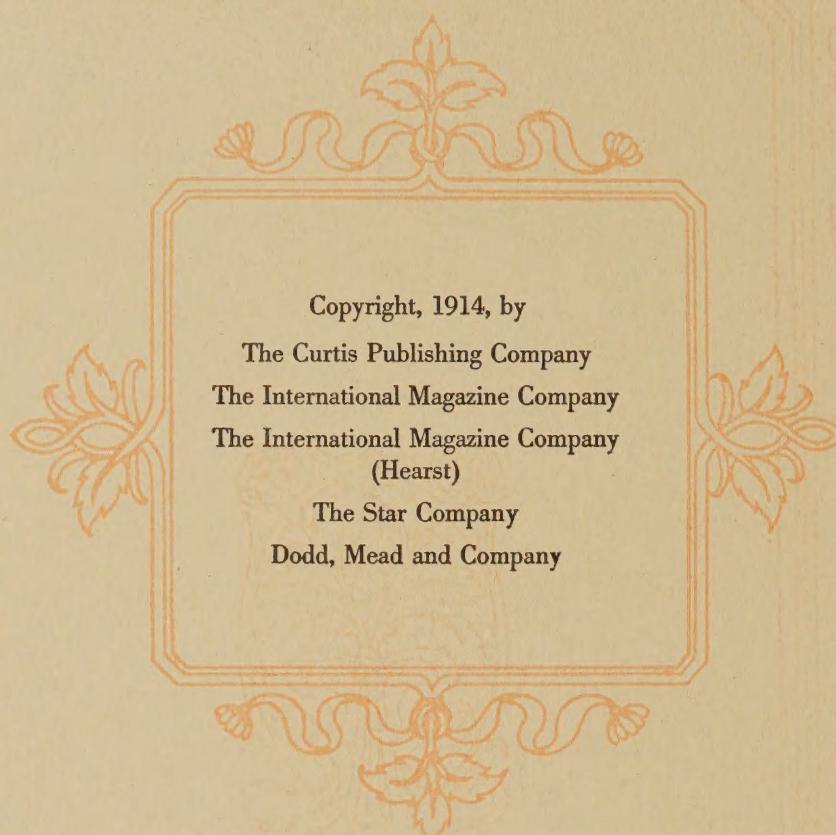
HARRISON FISHER GIRLS



DECORATIVE DRAWINGS BY
THEODORE B. HAPGOOD

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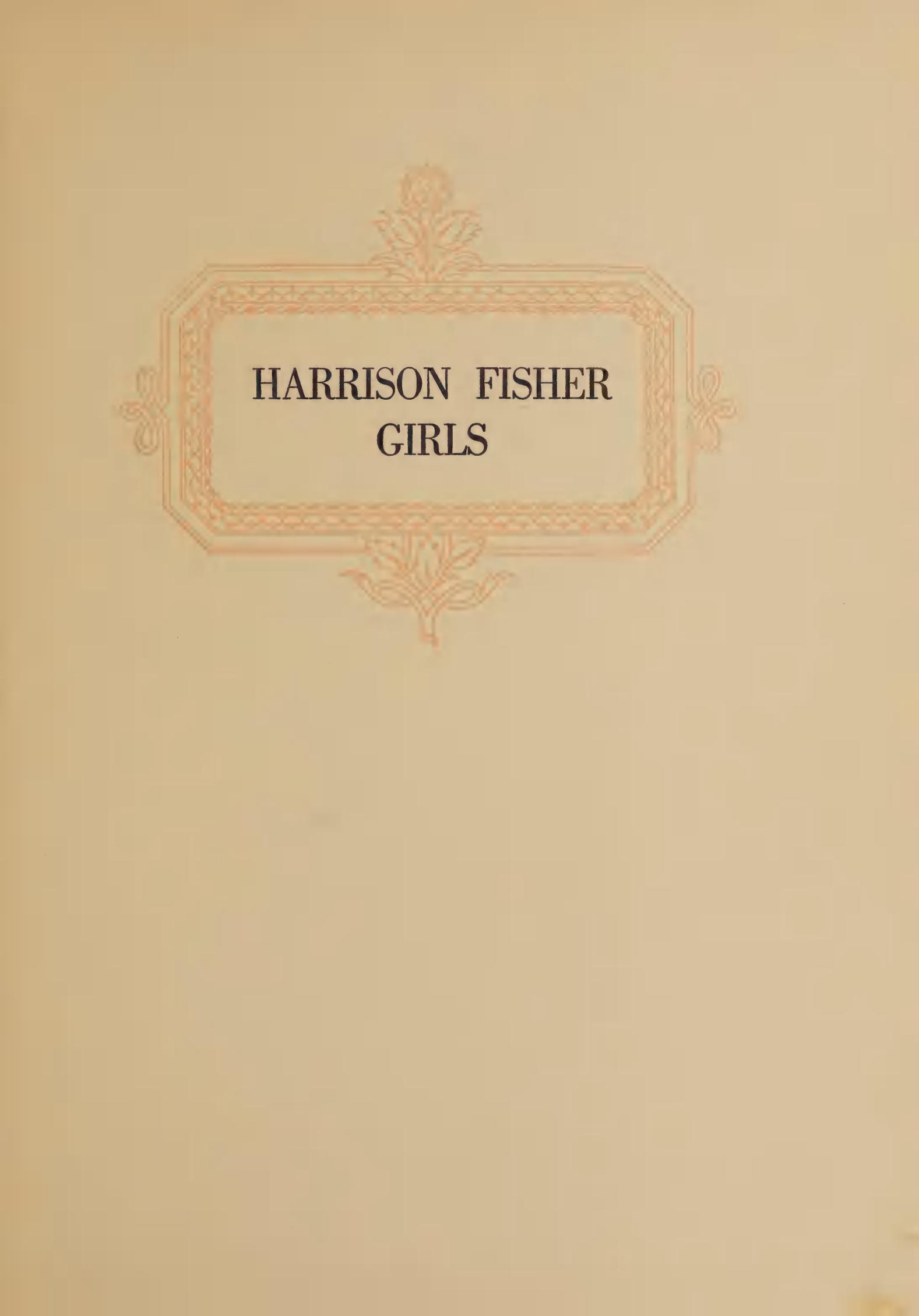
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HARRISON FISHER
GIRLS



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CUPID'S FAILURE

Cupid one day, in idle quest,
 Fitted a dainty dart
And aimed it at Priscilla's breast,
 To strike Priscilla's heart.

Clean through it went, no heart was there;
 Said Cupid, "I believe
Priscilla's just the girl to wear
 Her heart upon her sleeve."

But there, alack! it was not found;
 "Aha!" cried Cupid, "note
Her frightened air; now I'll be bound
 Her heart is in her throat."

Failure again. On slender chance
 He one more arrow shoots;
Assuming from her downcast glance
 Her heart is in her boots.

Foiled, Cupid threw aside his bow;
 "She has no heart," said he.
(He did not know that long ago
 She gave her heart to me.)

TO SIGH, YET FEEL NO PAIN

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
 To weep, yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with beauty's chain,
 Then throw it idly by;
To kneel at many a shrine,
 Yet lay the heart on none,
To think all other charms divine,
 But those we just have won;
This is love, faithless love,
 Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame,
 Through life, unchill'd, unmoved,
To love in wintry age the same
 As first in youth we loved;
To feel that we adore,
 Even to such fond excess,
That though the heart would break with more,
 It could not live with less,
This is love, faithful love,
 Such as saints might feel above.

THE DÉBUTANTE

There's a new heart awaiting a tenant;
To whom shall its portals unclose?
Dan Cupid is flying his pennant
At The Sign of the Lily and Rose.

This heart is not offered for selling,
The owner all freely bestows
A hostelry fit for Love's dwelling,
At The Sign of the Lily and Rose.

There's a happy smile caught in her dimple,
That only a *débutante* shows;
And chatter is guileless and simple
At The Sign of the Lily and Rose.

She's pleased with the veriest trifles,
No artful bewitchment she knows;
But Cupid a sigh or two stifles
At The Sign of the Lily and Rose.

And, indeed, the poor fellow has reason,
As he thinks of the long string of beaux
Who'll successively stop for a season
At The Sign of the Lily and Rose.

THE PETITION

Oh, tell me less or tell me more,
Soft eyes with mystery at the core,
That always seem to meet my own
Frankly as pansies fully grown,
Yet waver still 'tween no and yes!

So swift to cavil and deny,
Then parley with concessions shy,
Dear eyes, that make their youth be mine
And through my inmost shadows shine,
Oh, tell me more or tell me less!



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A PATIENT LOVER

My sweetheart is a treasure
And I love her beyond measure,
 And each day I have discovered some
 new and charming trait;
But it made me feel the saddest
When I found she was a faddist,
 And that I must be neglected for caprices
 up to date.

At one time it was Browning,
Then, First Aid to the Drowning,
 Then Trying to Discover why Cats Land
 on their Feet;
Then Bric-à-brac Collecting,
Then Views on Vivisecting,
 Then a dainty Kind of Slumming in a
 very dirty Street.

Goodness knows what next it will be,
For a long time it was "Trilby,"
 Until unto Napoleon she became a devotee;
Now it's Joan of Arc and her Age;
But I try to keep up courage,
 For I hope the time is coming when she'll
 make a fad of me.

AN EXPLANATION

“All the world loves a lover,” they say;
But I prove that untrue every day;
 Whenever I try
 For a kiss on the sly,
The world seems to get in the way.

And when Mabel goes walking with me,
The world says “Ahem!” and “Te-hee!”
 It gives a sly wink,
 And I certainly think
It’s as horrid as horrid can be.

So that proverb is lacking in force;
I wonder what gave it its source;
 But stay,—oh, I see!
 Why, *Mabel* loves me!
And she’s all the world to me, of course!

A POSSIBILITY

I only kissed her hand;
Is that why Lisette dislikes me?
I cannot understand—
 I *only* kissed her hand,
I deserved a reprimand;—
 But another notion strikes me,
I only kissed her *hand*;
Is *that* why Lisette dislikes me?



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NO!

The day that she said no to me I never
shall forget,

As now my mind reviews it with no traces
of regret.

My arm was twined around her waist, her
lips were near to mine,

And when she murmured No to me, I felt
so wondrous fine!

Though Time shall dim my eyesight and
shall turn my hair to snow

I never shall forget the day she softly
murmured No.

It may seem strange, and yet it is with
fervor I confess

I would not have that simple No once turned
into a Yes.

I looked into her earnest eyes, and in Love's
tender tone

I asked her if from that time forth she'd like
to dwell alone,

Content to live an old maid's life without
my love; and so

You'll understand my feelings when she
softly murmured No!

WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES

When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me, then, thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea!
For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
Are stillest when they shine,
Mine earthly love has hushed in light,
Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch o'er men,
When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep—
Sweet spirit, meet me then!

There is an hour when holy dreams
Through slumbers fairest glide,
And in that mystic hour it seems
Thou should'st be by my side.

My thoughts of thee too sacred are
For daylight's common beam:
I can but know thee as my star,
My angel and my dream.

When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea!

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

O the days are gone when Beauty bright
 My heart's chain wove!
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
 Was love, still love!
New hope may bloom, and days may come,
 Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream,
Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream!

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
 When wild love's past;
Though he win the wise, who frowned before,
 To smile at last;
He'll never meet a joy so sweet
 In all his noon of fame,
As when he first sung to woman's ear
 His soul felt flame:
And at every close she blushed to hear
 The one loved name!



SYLVIA

Sylvia fettered me with smiles;
Chained me with an hundred wiles;
Held me close, in captive guise,
With the magic of her eyes.

Yesterday the bonds she broke;
Granted freedom from the yoke;
Gave me back my liberty;
Sylvia, what is that to me?

Soothly, even to the grave,
I would rather be a slave!



SUPREME AT THAT

With eyes that are half-blinded
By girlish thoughts that flit
She reads the latest novel
Enough to talk of it.

Yet, deem her not constructed
Upon a shallow plan.
Her specialty lies higher,
For she can read a man!

SET FREE

Seeing my life so full of love and you,
That little else finds charity, you dared
Sweetly to ask me, dearest, how I fared
Before you came! I'll answer you as true
As you were bold: I did not live so ill;
For if my daily food was scanty fare
I took it uncomplaining, as my share
Of this world's happiness and grief; until
You laid your hand upon the barred-up door
That gives on heaven, and set it open. Then
I found my liberty, and knew at last
My dwelling was a prison-house before
You came, my sky the ceiling of a den,
And my best feast a bread-and-water
fast.

AFTER THE PLAY

The door is closed upon thy face—
Alas! the evening's over.
And as my steps I homeward trace
I know for four short hours my place
Has been, dear one, in clover.

How simply sweet you were! what grand
Ambitions, feelings, filled me!
And when you touched me with your hand
Perhaps you did not understand
Just how, my love, you thrilled me.

You thrilled me, dear, and yet I feel
So hopeless now, so saddened,
Discouraged, down at mouth and heel,
And dismal shadows o'er me steal:
No more can I be gladdened.

For with myself I'm all at rout:
My confidence is shaken
Because I came away in doubt
And left you, dearest one, without
That kiss I might have taken.



OMENS AND ORACLES

All the phantoms of the future, all the
spectres of the past,
In the wakeful night came round me,
sighing, crying, "Fool, beware!
Check the feeling o'er thee stealing! Let
thy first love be thy last!
Or, if love again thou must, at least this
fatal love forbear!"

Marah Amara!

Now the dark breaks. Now the lark wakes.
Now their voices fleet away.
And the breeze about the blossom, and
the ripple in the reed,
And the beams and buds and birds begin
to whisper, sing, or say,
"Love her, love her, for she loves thee!"
And I know not which to heed.

Cara Amara!

THE TRIFLERS

HE

Because thou wast cold and proud,
And as one alone in the crowd,
And because of thy wilful and wayward
look,
I thought, as I saw thee above my book,
“I will prove if her heart be flesh or stone;”
And in seeking thine, I have found my own.

SHE

Because thou wast proud and cold,
And because of the story told
That never had woman a smile from thee,
I thought as I glanc’d, “If he frown on me,
Why, be it so! but his peace shall atone;”
And in troubling thine, I have lost my own.

THE DEVOUT LOVER

It is not mine to sing the stately grace,
The great soul beaming in my lady's face;
To write no sounding odes to me is given
Wherein her eyes outshine the stars in
heaven.

Not mine in flowing melodies to tell
The thousand beauties that I know so well;
Not mine to serenade her ev'ry tress;
And sit and sigh my love in idleness.

But mine it is to follow in her train,
Do her behests in pleasure or in pain,
Burn at her altar love's sweet frankincense,
And worship her in distant reverence.



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TO JESSIE'S DANCING FEET

How, as a spider's web is spun
With subtle grace and art,
Do thy light footsteps, every one,
Cross and recross my heart!
Now here, now there, and to and fro,
Their winding mazes turn;
Thy fairy feet so lightly go
They seem the earth to spurn.
Yet every step leaves there behind
A something, when you dance,
That serves to tangle up my mind
And all my soul entrance.

How, as the web the spiders spin
And wanton breezes blow,
Thy soft and filmy laces in
A swirl around thee flow!
The cobweb 'neath thy chin that's crossed
Remains demurely put,
While those are ever whirled and tossed
That show thy saucy foot:
That show the silver grayness of
Thy stocking's silken sheen,
And mesh of snowy skirts above
The silver that is seen.

SONG FROM THE PERSIAN

Ah! sad are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea, beyond
The silvery coasts of fairy isles.

And sadder they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love—
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.

But clear as amber, fine as musk,
Is life to those who, pilgrim-wise,
Move hand in hand from dawn to dusk,
Each morning nearer Paradise.

Ah, not for them shall angels pray!
They stand in everlasting light,
They walk in Allah's smile by day,
And slumber in his heart by night.

APPLIED ASTRONOMY

He took me out to see the stars,
That astronomic bore;
He said there were two moons near Mars,
While Jupiter had four.

I thought of course he'd whisper soon
What fourfold bliss 'twould be
To stroll beneath that fourfold moon
On Jupiter with me.

And when he spoke of Saturn's ring,
I was convinced he'd say
That was the very kind of thing
To offer me some day.

But in a tangent off he went
To double stars. Now that
Was most suggestive, so content
And quite absorbed I sat.

But no, he talked a dreary mess,
Of which the only fraction
That caught my fancy, I confess,
Was "mutual attraction."

I said I thought it very queer
And stupid altogether,
For stars to keep so very near,
And yet not come together.



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THE WITCH IN THE GLASS

“My mother says I must not pass
Too near that glass;
She is afraid that I will see
A little witch that looks like me,
With a red, red mouth to whisper low
The very thing I should not know!”

“Alack for all your mother’s care!
A bird of the air,
A wistful wind, or (I suppose)
Sent by some hapless boy—a rose,
With breath too sweet, will whisper low
The very thing you should not know!”

AN OLD TUNE

FROM THE FRENCH OF GÉRARD DE NERVAL

There is an air for which I would disown
Mozart's, Rossini's, Weber's melodies,—
A sweet sad air that languishes and sighs,
And keeps its secret charm for me alone.

Whene'er I hear that music vague and old,
Two hundred years are mist that rolls
away;
The thirteenth Louis reigns, and I behold
A green land golden in the dying day.

An old red castle, strong with stony towers,
The windows gay with many-coloured
glass,
Wide plains, and rivers flowing among
flowers,
That bathe the castle basement as they
pass.

In antique weed, with dark eyes and gold
hair,
A lady looks forth from her window high;
It may be that I knew and found her fair,
In some forgotten life, long time gone by.

SONGS FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT"

O mistress mine! where are you roaming?
O! stay and hear; your true love's coming,
 That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
 Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter:
Present mirth hath present laughter;
 What's to come is still unsure;
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.



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SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheek with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be!

Should my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so me,
What care I how kind she be!

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or, her merit's value known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be sure with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of best,
If she seem not such to me,
What care I how good she be!

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of richness find,
Think what with them they would do
Who, without them, dare to woo—

And, unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be!

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair:
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve:
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go:
For, if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be!

PALABRAS CARIÑOSAS

Good-night! I have to say good-night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good-night unto the slender hand,
 All queenly with its weight of rings;
Good-night to fond, uplifted eyes,
 Good-night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good-night unto the perfect mouth,
 And all the sweetness nestled there—
 The snowy hand detains me, then
 I'll have to say good-night again!

But there will come a time, my love,
 When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by this porch
 With my farewells. Till then, good-night!
You wish the time were now? And I.
 You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blushed yourself to death
 To own so much a year ago—
 What, both these snowy hands! ah then
 I'll have to say good-night again!



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?

Dear one, if every kiss of mine
Were but a snowflake soft and fine,
That falls quite noiseless on thy face
And 'mong thy dimples finds a place;
Would you consent—I whisper low
That other ears may never know
The certain bliss that ours may be,
If you but hearken unto me—
Would you consent, my love most true,
To let me be a drift to you?

SONG

Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from love can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalmed on clearest days,
And in rough weather lost;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests tost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind in cruel sport
Their vessel drives again.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain,
And to defer a bliss,
Believe me, gentle Hermione,
No less inhuman is.

A hundred thousand oaths your fears
Perhaps would not remove,
And if I gazed a thousand years,
I could no deeper love.

THE REFLECTIONS OF A MIRROR

I know my owner loves me well,
Or why such time should she spend o'er
me?

I seem to have for her a spell
That makes her sit for hours before me!

She smiles upon me day by day,
While silently I do my duty,
And in her generous-hearted way
She gives me all her wealth of beauty.

She gives me dimple, brows and cheeks,
And, though the most demure of misses,
She says, "I love you," when she speaks,
And from her lips she throws me kisses.

She's constant to me. Yet I pine—
I'm not successful as a wooer.
The love she gives me is not mine;
Alas! I must return it to her.



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1914

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